

PETER STONE BROWN

August 24, 2003

Dear Trev,

It's only been a little over a week since you've been off-line and it seems like an eternity. You have no idea how much I miss you, but at the same time, I've realized what good friends we truly are and how important your friendship is to me.

I hope things are going as smoothly as they can in your new place and that you're getting along with your "mates." This is a big step and a transition for you, but an important one. While I'm sure things are going to be difficult at first, especially economically, this can be one of the best times of your life.

What an intensely long and exhausting week this has been. Not what I planned at all. Last Saturday (day you moved), Jacki and I went to Bushkill. Jacki originally wasn't going to go, but the blackout had the Detroit airport closed, so she couldn't go home. The show was okay, but nothing special at all. We split during "Watchtower" to avoid the parking lot crush. The ride home was a couple of hours. I wrote my review, which also included my account of being in the blackout in NYC.

The next morning I woke up to a COMPLETELY INSANE email from Linn that without a doubt was the most insane thing she has ever sent me. Jacki had posted an account of being in the blackout to Smalltalk, and Linn's email titled "low blows" went into how these were a big attack on her, and how could I be so cruel? There was NOTHING in Jacki's post or my review about her at all!!!! Nothing. It was really really out there. Later that day, I took Jacki to the airport and was home minding my own business when Linn calls up. Well I had it out with her in a big way. I just would not back down, and I had to make her see what she was doing. I don't think anyone realizes what all this bullshit does to my state of mind.

Of course a couple of days later she apologized (the usual scenario). However, this time there was a difference (maybe). She admitted her jealousy (first time) and admitted that I was right all along. So the insanity continues, but finally by the end of the week I may have finally conveyed to her my great need to be basically left alone and in her desperate attempt to have me in her life at any cost, she may at last keep her part of the bargain. We shall see. I don't like having to hurt people, but even more than that, I don't appreciate being put in the position where I *have* no choice but to hurt someone. However, this time for my own sanity I am standing my ground.

What none of these people seem to realize or comprehend in their bizarre and crazy attempts to be close to me and constantly attract my attention is how it interferes with the very thing they supposedly like me for – being a creative person. It just gets in the way and knocks whatever ideas I had in my mind right out the window, and I have to start all over to reach that place where the ideas can flow. Well no more. I have made that clear.

(Please excuse me for venting, but this was the most nuts of any of the episodes.)

Wednesday, I went back to NYC (by myself) to see the final Hammerstein show (I was meeting Andrew at the show). Everything went smoothly. No traffic on the way to NYC, went to Dave Wolf's house to sell him Jacki's ticket (for a friend of his). He has an amazing sound system (SACD) and played me some of the bonus tracks from the Masked soundtrack. Well one day, maybe I'll be able to have a truly great sound system. I went to the show, got in line where I wanted, got the seats I wanted and enjoyed the show with Andrew. It was kind of strange because there were 2 revolving guitar players besides Tommy, but overall was a good show with Bob in good voice.

So, I got out of there, got back to my car and started driving home. I was making great time, listening to Van's *Down The Road* and thinking about what I was going to write when all of a sudden the charging light on the dashboard came on. Then the car temperature gauge went way up. I was able to make it to a rest area. However, there was no mechanic on duty! It was 1 a.m. Fuck! While the car never stopped, you cannot drive a car when it is that overheated because I could have blown the engine (luckily I didn't).

I tried calling a bunch of people either in Philly or in the area (I was less than an hour from home but still pretty far) but either got answering machines or turned off cell phones. There were no cops in sight. Finally I got towed off the turnpike and went to a motel and slept for a few hours. Woke up the next morning and called my friend Turk (drummer on my album and former band member) who also is in the car business – in fact he was the service manager of the dealer where I bought the car. He told me it was probably a fan belt (big sigh of relief) and it turned out he was right. But this was the most expensive fan belt in history with the towing, the motel etc. I finally returned home 12 hours later than I wanted to and considerably poorer and very exhausted. In fact I am still tired from only sleeping 12 hours that night and the strain of dealing with the whole thing.

So now it's recovery time. Last night for the first time since Bob hit these parts, I was able to sit and play the guitar for awhile. I also looked at your album suggestion again and as I think I told you, that is pretty much on the mark and I was thinking along those same lines when you sent me that

email. It may have some different or additional songs, but pretty much along those lines. I have a gig Thursday and have to concentrate on that, but I hope to be able to get to this stuff soon. All I want is a few peaceful weeks without interference from lunatics and maniacs. If you happen to get online, remember I may be invisible. ;-)

As you asked, I have been checking your email, and answered one or two people and told them you were offline and would be in touch as soon as you could. Maybe you told everyone not to write you, but you don't anywhere near the volume of email I receive, which is a good thing. I did delete some spam, and some stupid Lettiere stuff. ☺

This reminds me, there has been a really hideous email virus making the rounds that affected the psb@peterstonebrown.com account. This virus is like spam and replicates itself in the 100s. Don't worry, I didn't get the virus, but because it sends out email in the 100s, I have had to remove that account temporarily from outlook otherwise all I would be doing is dealing with Norton virus scans and deleting the damn thing. So for the moment, I am checking that account through webmail. I don't know whether or not you have the Webmaster email forwarded to your blue yonder account or not, but if you do you have not been affected. This is the worst virus I have seen and it has not stopped, though finally today I heard from PHP and they are trying to put a patch on their mail servers to prevent it. Last night for instance, I received over 200 of these things. What a fucking waste of time.

Anyway man, I hope you're back online by the time you get this, though this may be the best way of communicating (slow as it is).

There's a special on Zevon's new album on TV tonight, and I will be taping it and you shall receive.

Once again, I hope things are going well in your new place. I haven't forgotten about the bio thing for your gig, but as you can see other shit has gotten in the way.

I miss you man!